

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND, —AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." — *Courper.*



CONSULTING THE TRAVELLING MAP.

CROSS CURRENTS.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MAY sun was streaming into Mrs. Stanmore's large drawing-room from one window, while the venetian blinds of the two others were carefully closed, partly to protect the fire, and partly to regulate the light to the comfort of the two individuals now sitting at a central table, where a travelling map was spread out, and several volumes of guide-books

were piled. The lady, after moving her thin white fingers carefully and slowly about the map, looked up at her companion, saying, "I can't find it."

"Let me try," and Captain Ashworth made a movement to draw the map nearer to him, which Miss Lester resisted, saying,—

"No, I will look again. The printing is so small and so pale, it will try your sight. In what canton is it?"

"Soleure," answered Piers

"Soleure, Soleure," repeated Miss Lester, running her finger aimlessly all over Switzerland, and then added with a laugh, "My geography has ebbed away from me. Where is Soleure?"

Captain Ashworth laid his hand at a guess on the part where he thought it was, and Ada resumed her search.

"Near Delemont and Saighières," read Piers from a book he was holding.

"I can find both those places, but—but—"

"I wonder my aunt chooses a place so insignificant that it is not even marked," interrupted Piers.

"If the Jura mountains have such an inexplicable attraction, she might have selected a spot a little better known wherein to rusticate; don't you think so? There must be many where pine groves abound, cattle graze, and the adjuncts of country life can be combined with mountain air."

"It is very good of her to take so much trouble about me," replied Ada, with a sweet, warm smile.

"Here is something interesting and romantic too," said Piers, reading from the guide-book. "'In the neighbourhood of Bellerive are the ruins of a castle said to be haunted, and the hermitage of an ancient recluse.'"

"Here it is, close to Saighières," exclaimed Ada; "but so pale is the print that I could not see it at first."

"'Bains de Bellerive, famous for iron-works worked by large water-mills,'" read Piers, laying down the book, and passing his hand over his brow as he often did after any particular exertion of his sight. "Rather a prosaic accompaniment to legendary romance."

"You are tired, Ada; pray put away those books," said Mrs. Stanmore, looking up from her writing. "You have been poring over maps and pages ever since you came down."

Ada quietly obeyed, and having folded up the map, leant back languidly in her chair. The spring was telling upon her, as it usually does with invalids of her description, bringing increased languor. By medical advice, Mrs. Stanmore was going to take her to pass the summer among the pine woods of Switzerland, whose fragrant and balsamic properties were considered particularly favourable in her case. Mrs. Stanmore had also another object in view; she wished to visit some of the establishments of deaconesses with reference to two of her own protégées, who desired to become members.

Partly for the benefit of his health, and still more in the hope of dissipating, by change of scene and the demands of family life, the weariness and monotonous groove of thought into which Piers had sunk, she invited him to be of the party. After some hesitation he consented, stipulating for freedom to detach himself from them whenever he chose. Enjoyment he did not look for—that was gone by for him, but travelling was movement, and movement was occupation—a break into the weariness which grew upon him with improving strength.

Some changes have taken place in Piers since he appeared before us last. The injured eye was replaced by an artificial one, and he did not always find it necessary to wear a shade. His figure had regained somewhat of its military erectness; he could talk and smile, though he did neither often, and could make himself languidly agreeable to Miss Lester, when not oppressed by the keen sense of disappointment and ill-usage, which, when upon him, filled his spirit with bitterness. His domestic

arrangements were now altered; he lived alone, and Mrs. Ashworth was her sister's guest, and had undertaken to keep house and watch over her orphans during her absence.

"Janet, I have been thinking that it would be a great addition to Ada's comfort to have a companion of her own age. What do you say?" The question was suddenly asked by Mrs. Stanmore of her sister.

"Undoubtedly. Though a trustworthy person and an excellent nurse, Belton could not satisfy every requirement."

"What do you think of my inviting my god-daughter to accompany us? and would Mr. Fellowes consent to let her go?"

"I should think so; it would be an advantage as well as a pleasure, and a pleasant change from Tarleton."

"Or the other girl, her sister; what is her name?"

Captain Ashworth here turned quickly towards his aunt, and not seeing the pile of books close to his arm, knocked them down.

"Hope, Hope Wallis," answered Mrs. Ashworth.

"Not her, I hope," said Captain Ashworth, picking up the books and throwing them on the table with such force that one fell to the ground on the other side.

"Why not? What is amiss with the young lady?" asked Mrs. Stanmore; "I have heard your mother speak of her with unqualified praise."

"Yes, so have I," answered Piers, disdainfully.

Mrs. Ashworth glanced from her knitting to her son. "Why are you so prejudiced in that quarter, and so ungrateful? Hope has always been such a dear little helpful friend to me, far more like a daughter to me while you were away."

Piers rose hastily, and began pacing the room, saying, "Pray do not make comparisons; that would be in too bad taste for my mother."

"According to her knowledge, Hope was a good friend to you, too," continued Mrs. Ashworth without noticing the interruption, "or I should rather say, to your cause; for all her influence with her cousin was exerted."

"Spare me, mother," cried Piers, quickly, "spare me the repetition of a story so humiliating; besides, I know all you would say. I have no prejudice against your favourite, but I do not like her, and cannot acknowledge myself to be under any bond of gratitude. The idea is laughable," he added in a tone that vexed and jarred his mother, who, knowing that she was not likely to obtain justice for Hope by argument, was silent, wondering whether her relationship to Clarice was the only reason for his dislike.

"And what is this Hope Wallis like, of whom mother and son have formed such opposite opinions?" asked Mrs. Stanmore.

"She is the best little girl I ever knew," answered Mrs. Ashworth.

"Stronger, stronger, mother," cried Piers; "that is such indefinite praise. My aunt would like a minute enumeration of her various good qualities, if it would not be too fatiguing."

He gave a little ironical laugh over his own wit, poor as it was, and sat down again beside Miss Lester, saying, "You might like Miss Fellowes, she is rather pretty, not silly nor pretentious, and might perhaps be agreeable."

"Flattering," said Ada, with a quiet smile; "if you give me this sketch as a favourable portrait of

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the most popular of the two sisters, what must the other be?"

"To look at, just one remove from a maid-servant," replied Piers; "she is brusque, rough, plain, with no manners; blushes when she is spoken to, or stammers so much in replying, that you wish you had never asked a question. I cannot think that you would like her for a companion. If your choice is unbiassed, it would fall upon Miss Fellowes."

"It shall be as Mrs. Stanmore pleases," answered Ada; "but I must own to having some curiosity to see a young lady whom mother and son estimate so differently."

"We shall not determine our choice by discussion," observed Mrs. Stanmore; "it never yet settled any point satisfactorily except on the winning side, or else with our synods, convocations, and councils, we should not see such a persistent return to the old ways as soon as the pressure of opposition is removed. With regard to the sisters I must judge for myself. It is some years since I have seen my godchild. As my interest in her has just now revived, I shall invite myself to stay a few days at 'The Bury.' When we choose a companion for three months it is worth while to take a little pains about it."

"You will at least endeavour to make your choice unprejudiced and unbiassed by others, I hope," observed Piers, glancing towards his mother. "If you fix upon Miss Hope, I do not accompany you."

"And that you call leaving me unprejudiced and unbiassed," said Mrs. Stanmore; "you are certainly a modest man, Captain Ashworth."

The others laughed, and Piers, feeling himself caught, relaxed his features a little; a real cordial smile he could not accomplish. In his heart he was ashamed of the opposition he had been making, feeling that it was neither manly nor generous to express himself with such acrimony against a young girl who had no power to defend herself, and whose offences against him were best punished by silent disdain.

By announcing her intention to pay a visit to "The Bury," and making known the object she had principally in view, Mrs. Stanmore threw no little excitement into the quiet life of the inhabitants. Mrs. Fellowes, regarding the proposition as an advantage in many ways, and considering that Nina, being Mrs. Stanmore's goddaughter, had the first claim, easily persuaded Mr. Fellowes to let her go. He was the more willing, as he kept his favourite, Hope, at home, and fetched Mrs. Stanmore from the station with more alacrity than he usually testified when departing from his daily habits. The first person the lady's eye rested upon was Nina, standing beside her mother when the chaise drove up, a few paces from the door, with no covering on her head but nature's own ornament, a profusion of bright, rippling golden hair. Mrs. Stanmore made her choice there and then. The blue eyes were kind and gentle, strangers alike to the coldness of egotism or the flash of temper, and the mouth had a look of imperturbable good-humour.

"Just the person to be about Ada. I am glad not to have to worry Piers by taking the sister," thought Mrs. Stanmore, as, deviating from her general coldness of manner, she kissed the forehead of the young girl after shaking hands with her mother. Thinking of Piers brought Hope to her mind, and she asked for her.

"Hope, Hope, how can you stand stroking the pony, all hot and wet as she is? You cannot offer Mrs. Stanmore your hand covered with foam," said Mrs. Fellowes.

Hope, thus reproved, looked at the offending member with an instant's bewilderment. The colour mounting to her cheek at this public rebuke, gave more effect to the roguish sparkle of her eye as she quickly replied, "I have two hands, I will give my best," and, leaving the horse's side, she came up to Mrs. Stanmore, saying, half-timidly, yet very sweetly, "Will you take my left hand, since I have deprived myself of the pleasure of offering my right?"

Mrs. Stanmore, practical and discerning, was disposed to make important conclusions from small premises, and also to be very tenacious of her opinions when once formed. Taking the little hand outstretched towards her, she looked hard into her face. What resemblance was there between this small person and her trim figure, with her bright sparkling eyes, convincing you at once of the integrity and intelligence of their owner, with the Hope Wallis whom Piers had prepared her to see?

"Why, not even my sister has done her justice," thought Mrs. Stanmore. Without remembering that she still kept Hope a prisoner by a tight grasp of the hand, she continued to regard her, more and more marvelling at her nephew's prejudice, too absorbed in her puzzled examination to heed the deepening colour she was fixing on her cheeks.

"Intelligence, decision, good temper; why, there are more good qualities united in that one little person than in a dozen ordinary girls. The man who cannot recognise worth when he sees it is a fool, or worse; and so I shall tell Piers," thought Mrs. Stanmore. A further acquaintance with Hope confirmed the favourable impression she had made; yet, notwithstanding her real predilection for the elder sister, it was decided that Nina should be the one selected as Ada's companion. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes wished that the choice should fall on her; the latter because she thought it would be more advantageous to Nina than to Hope, who did not care to leave her home, and the former because he could spare her less. The arrangement pleased all parties.

"On the whole, I have done right," thought Mrs. Stanmore, as she wrote home the result of her visit; "Nina is my goddaughter, and has the first claim. She is a nice girl, and I think Ada will like her, not having seen her sister. Piers will not have his temper tried on her account, unless he should allow himself to be vexed that my opinion of Hope entirely coincides with his mother's. Can he be jealous of his mother's affection for her?"

Mrs. Stanmore decided that was impossible—her nephew was no sentimentalist; always excepting the hankering after his old love, which she considered an unmanly weakness.

"A woman gets over that sort of thing: can a man do less? The superior sex!" she exclaimed, with a short, derisive laugh. "With their failings and their passions, which of them knows anything of the self-control we daily practise? which of them will put aside a favourite hobby because it may be hurtful to another? which, in every compact with us, does not expect to have the best of the bargain, nor thinks himself defrauded if, with the good, he must also take the evil? which of them can or does form a judgment where human passion is not the steersman when he himself is concerned?"

Without professing to be a man-hater, Mrs. Stanmore, judging from her way of talking, was not many removes from it. She had no sympathy with what are called "attachments," and considered them mere ephemeral fancies which might be taken up or dissolved without doing much harm. Some said that many of her peculiarities of opinion were adopted in middle life, and that when young she was not much stronger-minded than others; that she had had her little foible also, and listened to the magic tale which ever had, and, let cynics say what they will, will ever have a sweetness of its own. Mrs. Stanmore denied the soft impeachment, persistently declaring spinsterhood to be the only happy life, and continually wondered how she could have so far forgotten herself as to depart from it. One fact in her experience she could not refute. She refused to accompany Mr. Lester to India, not choosing to settle so far from home; and after hearing of his marriage, she accepted Mr. Stanmore. More than this was conjecture, partaking of the character of rumours, which are often suggestions launched to remove a difficulty or explain a puzzle, and, because plausible, are afterwards accepted as truth.

CHAPTER XV.—THE EXCHANGE.

"No; I shall not dine with you to-day. I will leave you to make acquaintance with your new companion. My aunt and Miss Fellowes must be here soon," said Captain Ashworth, looking at his watch, and snapping it close again. "Time for me to go; good-bye, mother, I shall dine here to-morrow. Good morning, Miss Lester."

The selection of Nina for Ada's companion had given general satisfaction. Mrs. Ashworth and Piers both approved of the choice, though for different reasons, the latter because, as he assured Miss Lester, she was the most agreeable of the sisters, and Mrs. Ashworth, because the hope remained of beguiling her favourite sometimes into paying her a visit. Ada, as far as she knew, would have been equally happy with either.

Piers had not reached the door, when the rattling of wheels on the pavement below suddenly ceasing, and followed by a loud knock, startled them all. "That must be my aunt," said Piers. It was impossible to leave then; he must stay and see her. The conclusion was correct. Mrs. Stanmore's voice was soon heard speaking to some one as she came up the stairs. Under the plea of ill-health Piers absolved himself from the practice of many small courtesies which he was quite well enough to offer, and on the present occasion he remained standing in the middle of the room, leaving Mrs. Stanmore to open the door for herself. As she entered, her large stalwart person concealed her companion. Ada rose quickly, saying,—

"Dear Mrs. Stanmore, I am glad to have you back again." Another exclamation, and that one of extreme surprise, proceeded from Mrs. Ashworth. "Hope, my darling, is it you? What is the meaning of this? We only expected your sister." While Mrs. Ashworth, throwing her arms round her, gave the young girl the tenderest welcome, Captain Ashworth, immovable, as if rooted to the floor, was exhibiting surprise so great as to be almost ludicrous.

Passing his hand rapidly over the eye with which he ought to see, as if the right had suddenly become obscured, he appeared to doubt the evidence of his senses.

"I could not help it, I had no choice," said Mrs. Stanmore in a low voice, replying to the expression of his countenance, never reflecting that the young stranger would either hear or understand that she was excusing herself to her nephew.

"Your summer companion, Ada," she went on to say; "not the one I promised you, but that does not matter. I know you will like each other. Hope Wallis, Ada Lester. Now girls, jump into intimacy at once, and call each other by your Christian names."

Though Mrs. Stanmore had no demonstrative affection in her own nature she could tolerate it in others, and she watched with complacency the two young ladies as they showed by their manner that they were mutually attracted. Hope, already interested in the fragile invalid, looked into her face with tender sympathy, and took her hand caressingly between her own, when Ada, grateful for the spontaneous kindness, went nearer and kissed her. Captain Ashworth, with all eyes upon him, and inclined, he knew, to enjoy his discomposure, felt that the moment was come when he too must take some notice of the visitor. He saw at once that Ada's suffrage was gained—he was the outsider, the only one who found nothing pleasing in Hope Wallis, nor took any interest in her. Never did her insignificant little person contrast more forcibly with his queenly Clarice than now. Still, temper is one thing, gentlemanly bearing is another. To touch her hand, inquire after Mr. and Mrs. Fellowes, was but a momentary exertion; their remarkable disparity in height affording the advantage that without a special effort they could not look each other in the face. Satisfied with the scant courtesy displayed, Piers spoke to his aunt,—

"Good-bye for the present; I was just going away when you arrived."

"You will dine with us?" said Mrs. Stanmore.

"Not to-day. I told my mother I would not a few minutes ago."

Mrs. Stanmore allowed him to reach the door before she spoke again, and then said in a bantering tone, "Dutiful nephew! You have given me no welcome at all. Have I deserved this of you?"

Piers, thus reproved for his forgetfulness, lounged back with a slow step, his handsome face perfectly impassive.

"I must see you early to-morrow, I have something to say to you. Come as soon as you can after breakfast."

Piers gave a cold assent, supposing his aunt wished to justify the substitution of one sister for the other. Already he had accepted the change, feeling that it was beneath him either to resist or resent it. Hope Wallis was really nothing to him, and not of sufficient importance to influence his decision either to go or stay. With Hope it was somewhat different, she breathed more freely when he was gone, and felt a regret she could not entirely conceal, when Mrs. Stanmore volunteered the information that her nephew accompanied them into Switzerland.

"The girl looked quite scared when she heard that Piers was going with us," observed Mrs. Stanmore to Ada, when Mrs. Ashworth took away Hope to show her to her room. "I suppose he has evinced his prejudices rather too openly. They will probably cure themselves, but if not we must make the little thing happy. I can tell you she is a good girl, and very superior to her sister."

Mrs. Stanmore might well say so, for the same circumstances that alarmed and repelled the one drew forth the high qualities of the other. Ada Lester's case, thus early marked for decay and dissolution, touched the tenderest sensibilities of Hope's gentle nature. She had known young persons die of consumption in Tarleton, but they were ill and suffering; the existence they had laid down had become a burden to themselves and others; she had not watched them through the early stages of the insidious disease; she had seen none like this young creature, with the bloom on her cheek, and the springs of life not yet dried, quietly and consciously waiting the sapping of her vital energies, and the slow gradual perishing of her earthly tabernacle. "She knows she will never recover; be cheerful with her, but never inspire her with false hopes." This was the principal charge laid upon Hope when Mrs. Stanmore secured her promise to accompany her.

As soon as Mrs. Ashworth found herself alone with her little friend, she asked for an explanation of this sudden change in her sister's arrangements.

"We expected Nina, and, lo, it turns out to be Hope! Why did not Nina come?"

"She was afraid."

"Of what?" asked Mrs. Ashworth, with surprise.

"Because she heard that Miss Lester was in a consumption, and could never be well again. It was not till the last day of Mrs. Stanmore's visit that it came out. Poor Nina, she became so nervous and frightened that she burst into tears, and said that she would not go. Mrs. Stanmore, vexed and angry, scolded her, and mamma, too, lamenting her visit and lost time, seemed so disappointed that I could not do otherwise than express my willingness to take Nina's place, if permitted."

Mrs. Ashworth laid her hand tenderly on Hope's head, and imprinted a silent kiss on her forehead.

"Miss Lester's is a sad case," said Hope, looking into Mrs. Ashworth's face, her expressive brown eyes shining all the brighter through the tears that were gathering into them; "I am so glad I came; I shall try to make her as happy as I can. She is so young, it is mournful to think that she will never be better."

"I am unprepared to say that the extinguishing of a blameless life is by any means so melancholy as the continuation of a godless one. Long life is only desirable when the hoary head is a crown of righteousness. We lament over our loved ones at whatever age they are taken away from us; but, abstractedly, there is nothing grievous in the thought that the young spirit is shortly to pass into a nobler life. When you know Ada Lester more you will understand this better. Her heart does but follow its treasures into the presence of her Lord; father, mother, sisters, all are there. We cannot wonder that she is cheerfully waiting an eternal reunion."

For some moments both were silent, and then Mrs. Ashworth raised Hope from the stool on which she was sitting at her feet, in order, as she said, to examine her.

"You are changed, my little darling, improved, more womanly and more neat in your appearance. That, too, is a talent in its way, and not to be neglected. We never quite agreed on that point," she added, with a smile.

"Yes, we agreed in opinion, but I did not like trouble. Mamma, too, worried me so much about my ugliness that I did not care how I looked. I have promised to do better in future, and, to prevent my making any glaring mistake now that I shall be left to myself, Nina has made me a list of contrasts to consult from time to time, mauve and green, black and yellow, pink and blue, no, I mean pink and green, blue and buff; but I fear I shall, after all, make a fright of myself sometimes," said Hope, half alarmed; "but I shall not vex mamma, for she will not see it."

Mrs. Ashworth smiled, reiterating her recommendation of care and neatness as being a favourable passport before the higher qualities had an opportunity of appearing.

Hope's wardrobe was always limited, and her hurried departure from home prevented any additions being made. She brought the best she had, Mrs. Stanmore engaging to provide the rest. Repeating her colour lesson as she prepared for dinner, because her dress was white, sprigged with green, she pinned a shade of the same into her dark hair, and then proceeded to examine the effect. A merry laugh ran through her room at her own perplexity. "I really do not know whether I look plain or not." Others did, for the bright earnest eyes, and the tender spirit shining through them, as she sat caressing her old friend, or watched for opportunities of making herself useful, completely negated the supposition.

The following morning she entered upon her Samaritan work at once by devoting herself to Ada, endeavouring to discover her tastes, and also in what way she could make herself most acceptable.

Mrs. Ashworth was occupied with her books, and Mrs. Stanmore remained below. It was her habit to devote the morning to correspondence, and she daily passed some hours at her desk, having given a running order that she was only to be disturbed in case of necessity. The disturbance this morning was of her own making; she had invited her nephew to an early interview, and when he appeared, a little after ten o'clock, she received him cheerfully. The air blew into the room sweet and fresh, just the temperature to exhilarate the healthy and make the happy happier. For that very reason, perhaps, it had the opposite effect upon those who could not be reckoned among either class. Captain Ashworth said that he was not so well as usual; and, though he did not say it, it was obvious that he was out of temper. Laying down her pen, Mrs. Stanmore first scanned her nephew's countenance, and then pronounced him a "*malade imaginaire*."

"I have a great mind to give you a few hundred pounds, and send you to the diggings," was her remark.

"Quite willing," answered Piers, holding out his hand.

"I would do it if it were not for your mother. She would not like to lose you. You are not remarkable as a good son, but she loves you."

"Yes, I believe she does," he replied, looking away from Mrs. Stanmore, and examining his boots as if they could throw some light upon the fact he accepted; "more than I deserve. It is a mother's weakness; you must not quarrel with it."

"Do you never reflect how much suffering you cause her—how her heart aches twenty times over for every ache or pain you have to endure? I say

nothing about those dark days of all, when we thought you would be totally blind."

"Nor of my disappointment," interrupted Piers. "I allude to the closing of my military career," explained he quickly, perceiving an ominous frown on his aunt's brow, and a curve about the mouth fast changing into an expression of contempt.

"What you ought to feel is, that you have facts, stubborn facts, to encounter. You cannot take up your life of action and ambition precisely where it was broken. Not all the chafing and fretting will put you back where you were. All you can do is to start afresh, and the best your friends can do for you is to wake you up, shake you, if need be, until you are willing to be started. My idea respecting the diggings is not a bad one."

"On the contrary, I think it good. When shall I go?" he asked, languidly.

"When your mother gives her consent."

"Poor mother!" replied Piers. "I have often grieved her, I fear, but I was not a bad boy; she has the past."

"Bad indeed is the sign when we are obliged to look backwards only for a good name," returned Mrs. Stanmore. "I would rather listen to the inane hopes and expectations of those who I know are building upon the sand. I do not ask you to go to the diggings—not just yet; but to rouse yourself. Instead of idly lounging at your club or at home, fancying that you are an invalid, and pitying yourself, walk, read, make up your mind to do something. By-and-by I will beat up an old influential friend of mine, who may, perhaps, procure some post in the civil department that you may be able to undertake."

As Mrs. Stanmore talked, Piers's attitude changed; he gradually drew himself more upright, and, when he bent forward, it was not to fidget or to lounge, but to listen. He suffered her to scold and to plan with little of his customary listlessness, and some of the hard, fretful lines upon his face disappeared.

"Let me go to the diggings; that will suit me as well as anything you can suggest," said Piers; "and by the time I arrive there I shall probably be strong enough to do a day's work." He looked rather ruefully at his hands, which were thin and white as a woman's.

"They must become a little browner first," observed Mrs. Stanmore, following the direction of his eye. "When the summer is over, or you are tired of staying with us, I will stir up Mr. Matthews in earnest, and you shall be set to work. Meanwhile, make up your mind to be good-tempered and agreeable to your neighbours,—that alone will improve your health. Now I think of it, I saw yesterday that you were vexed with me for bringing Hope Wallis from Tarleton. I could not help it, I had no choice left me. I like her incomparably better than her sister, but that is not the reason you see her here. The other would not come. I happened to say that Ada was in a consumption, and the little fool began to cry, saying that she was afraid to go with her. I suppose she thought that Ada was to be confined and put under ground immediately. Mrs. Fellowes sided with her daughter, so I had no alternative but to take Hope, who, with all deference to your penetration, is in most respects preferable to her sister."

As Piers had made up his mind to yield to the family mania, and suffer them to praise Hope with-

out a dissentient word from him, the conversation now came to a pause, which was interrupted, before Mrs. Stanmore commenced another subject, by a knock, followed by the entrance of Hope.

"I beg your pardon, I thought you were alone. Miss Lester left her crochet-work; ah, there it is, on the mantelpiece." She spoke in her small, girlish tone of voice, and crossed the room towards the fireplace.

"Call her Ada," said Mrs. Stanmore; "that will banish formality. I wish you to be friends, good friends, and by that I do not mean confidants of foolish imaginations. I forbid foolish jesting about beaux and marriage, the staple talk of silly girls. Ada has no interest in that."

"No, indeed!" replied Hope, in a pitying tone. "She is too weak and tender; marriage can only be happy for the strong-minded."

"What is the girl saying?" cried Mrs. Stanmore, with some asperity. "It seems, child, that you know nothing about it. Why, it is precisely the weak and silly who make such a mistake. It is ever the greatest fool in the family who is the first married. Whence did you obtain your novel experience, Miss Hope?"

Captain Ashworth, who, after slightly rising, had resumed his seat, was looking hard at Hope, heedless of her blushes and shy shrinking from Mrs. Stanmore's questioning, who continued, "Did you learn it from your neighbours?"

"What neighbours?"

"Who are your nearest neighbours at Tarleton?" pursued Mrs. Stanmore.

"I have seen very little of the Ashworths, if you mean them," answered Hope, evasively. "They have been in town ever since Easter."

"Going, Piers? Well, I have spoken my mind to you. You will dine with us to-day."

Captain Ashworth excused himself, and Mrs. Stanmore resumed her pen, while Hope, rejoiced that her catechising was over, walked towards the door. Piers opened it for her, followed her upstairs, and, as the result of his tête-à-tête below, made his mother happy by voluntarily giving her a kiss. He was improving.

NÜ-ER CHING.

A CLASSIC FOR GIRLS IN CHINA.

THE following is a translation of one of the very few Chinese works designed for the instruction of women. The author is a Lady Tsau (or, as she prefers to style herself, "Tsau-ta-ku," "Great-aunt Tsau"), the date of whose existence is lost in remote antiquity. It is plain that the writer did not expect her work to be superseded by others suited to mature womanhood, or even to advanced age, for she carries on her counsels, step by step, to the time when the girl, whom she at first addresses, has become a grandmother. Although the intellectual training of the pupil is entirely omitted, and the allusions to her moral conduct but few, it contains, nevertheless, much good advice, and we cannot but wish that it was accessible to a greater number of China's daughters. It is not the custom to recite it for the benefit of the uneducated, nor would it be understood if read aloud to them (excepting the easiest

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passages); it is, therefore, only useful to the extremely small proportion of girls who learn to read. The entire subjection of woman to her male relatives, and to the family of her husband, may be seen on every page, and it is chiefly on this account, as giving to a thoughtful mind a greater insight into the manners of Chinese families than could be gained from many long descriptions, that it is presented to our readers. It is well so far that the native books, unlike those of India, contain more good than evil; yet is the thought a sad one, that hundreds of generations of Chinese women have had no higher motive for well-doing set before them than the opinion of their neighbours.

The "Girls' Classic" is written in a regular metre, a verse of four lines arranged in two columns, the first and second lines usually rhyming together. Perhaps a specimen may amuse our readers, although they may find it somewhat difficult to pronounce. The lines subjoined are the first verse; nü-er means "female child."

"Kwé-mên hsien, nü-er ching,
Nü-er ching, yau nü-er t'ing,
Mé jih wu kêng, ch'ing tsau ch'í,
Süu ch'ian shui tau jih-t'ou hung."

THE GIRLS' CLASSIC.

This Girls' Classic is the instruction of a woman: let the girls attend to it!

Every day rise **very early**, at the fifth watch; do not sleep until the sun is bright. With an old handkerchief cover up your hair; go quickly and sweep the verandah: if the women's house is clean, your father and mother will be pleased. Brush your hair bright; wash your face clean; soon go into the hall and use your needle and thread. Depict the peacock; embroider the phoenix; work the mandarin ducks. In your leisure time do not gossip; the shortcomings of the Chang family or of the Li family are no business of mine (lit., "the longs of the Changs and the shorts of the Lis"). If women, my relations or neighbours, come to see us, I must receive them politely, and help to wait upon them; if they discuss the appearance of my father's or mother's sisters, I must not join in the conversation; a girl must be careful of her words.

In the evening, if it is not moonlight, do not go out; if you must do so, do not go alone, but call a woman servant to carry a lantern before you. Do not laugh loudly, or call in a loud tone, for fear your neighbours should hear. When you walk, neither skip nor jump; when standing, do not lean against the door.

At seven years old copy grown-up people. Rise early and fold up your own clothes. When you have brushed your hair and washed your face, bind your feet, and do not go wandering about.

At eight and nine you are growing older; you should love your elder and younger brothers, and share with them your tea, rice, wine, or meat; do not quarrel if your part is rather less than theirs.

At ten years old do not idle about, but diligently make shoes or sew seams; early and late sit with your mamma; and do not leave the house without cause.

At eleven you are grown up. Industiously make the tea, boil the rice, and fill up your spare time with embroidery: clearly set forth every leaf and flower.

At twelve and thirteen you should understand

etiquette; rise up to receive guests; do not treat your aunts impolitely.

At fourteen and fifteen, and up to twenty years of age, there are not many days for you to remain at home, and in that time there are many things for you to do, for a girl must learn all she will have to do when married.

The first doctrine is, that you must obey. Heaven will know whether you are obedient or not; the grace of your father and mother is as deep as heaven and earth: as long as I live I must be grateful to them.

The second good thing is, to respect your elder brother and his wife. Let there be no quarrels in the family; a young girl must not be jealous of those who have money or influence; kindness is the most precious thing in the house.

The third important thing is, do not waste rice or flour; be careful of the soy, vinegar, oil, and salt; in the day of plenty think of a day of want, that when that time comes you may not have to beg.

The fourth good deed is, carefully to prepare the tea and rice, and to get food ready for your family and guests.

Do not yourself first taste the early fruits, but offer them to your father and mother.

The fifth virtuous action, O daughter! attend to: whether your clothes are new or old, let them be clean. If you are clean and active, who among your neighbours and relations will not respect you?

The sixth exhortation is, think not wrong thoughts; do not covet so much as a needleful of thread belonging to others. If you neglect your duty to speak against other people, you will bring contempt upon your parents and brothers.

The seventh stringent rule is, you must be humble. The husband is to the wife what heaven is to earth. If the hen crows in the morning the house will not prosper, and those who look on will certainly say it is your fault.

The eighth thing a girl must mind: you must work unweariedly, so that the house may be kept in order. As a good son does not depend on his parents for support, so a good daughter will not depend only on her wedding clothes—i.e., will work to earn others for herself.

The ninth regulation: love purity. Who is not pleased with a beautiful gem without a flaw? In ancient times women, fearless of death, preserved their honour with a heart firm as iron.

The tenth step: take heed of the end and the beginning. You must live with *him* until you grow old or die.

Three duties, four virtues, you must not neglect. Who will then say that there are no perfect women?

O ye girls! you are very difficult to guide; you must indeed be tutored from the time you are little until you are big. If you fail to be instructed, and are not properly brought up, then indeed you will be the more abused by your father and mother-in-law!

O girls! there are three duties: be dutiful to your father, and he will choose you a good husband; be dutiful to your husband, that you may live in harmony; if your husband dies, be dutiful to your son, and do not go astray.

O girls! there are four virtues: let me tell you them from the beginning. Hear the instruction of the ancient Lady Tsau. Fail not in conduct, neatness, words, or work. For a girl, the first important thing is virtuous conduct; outward propriety, correct

principle, right thoughts, and modesty are indispensable; whether you walk or sit down, there is a proper way for everything; be as much on your guard against anything wrong, as you would be against thieves.

For a girl, the second thing of importance is neatness (I do not mean that you should paint your face white and red, but at proper times wash yourself and your clothes), and never be dirty.

For a girl, the third thing of importance is her words (I do not refer to words of compliment in the presence of others). Speak when you ought to speak, and no one can disapprove; but (remember) "one word is as good as a thousand."

For a girl, the fourth important thing is work (I am not here speaking of embroidering the tiger and depicting the dragon); in winter and summer diligently spin and weave, season the food, and properly adjust the five flavours (*i.e.*, acid, sweet, bitter, pungent, and salt).

As broad as heaven is the goodness of your father and mother; you should use your utmost efforts reverently to assist the dear pair. In ancient times there was a daughter named T'i-yung, who presented a petition to the Emperor, praying him to remit her father's punishment.

Your elder and younger uncles are all your own bones and flesh; say not, "They live apart from us;" remember that when you were little they nursed and fostered you.

Your elder and younger aunts (father's brothers' wives) you should respect and help; though they may not be vexed with you if you do not mind them, other people will make remarks about it.*

Respect your elder brother and his wife; do not, trusting to your father and mother's love, be unkind to your sister-in-law; amicably pass your days together, and let there be no disputes.

If Miss Chang or Miss Li, who are older than you, come to see you, be friendly to them; do not show your temper and say things that may give offence. Why do you have your ears pierced? Lest you should listen to everybody's advice† (literally, listen to Chang and Li). Why do you wear earrings? To remind you of this.

Why do you button your clothes? For fear you should turn to the right or to the left (behave with impropriety). Wear several layers of garments: as the clouds hide the valleys among the mountains.

Why do you wear divided garments (*i.e.*, skirts and jackets), while men wear a long robe? Because a woman is not equal to her husband. You must give way to him in everything, and not be like the hen that crows in the morn.

Why are your feet bound? Not because it looks well for them to be arched as a bow, but to prevent you constantly going out of the house-door; therefore they have a thousand bandages, and ten thousand wraps.

When you are married, care for your father and mother-in-law; do not let them have insufficient food or clothing. Whatever they say, give way to them; do not let them hate your husband. When you are

married, be dutiful to your husband; your first duty to him is to revere his parents; at home be amiable, and also industrious and economical; do not inveigh against the poverty of the Chang or Li family, into which you may have married.

With all your heart pay respect to your father's sisters, and agree with your brother's wives. When they come to see you do not listen to your servants' or handmaidens' reports about them, and on account of these dislike them in your heart while paying them outward respect.

If your husband's family be rich, be not extravagant. To indulgence in eating and clothes there is no limit. If your husband's family be poor, your part is to be industrious and economical, that you may have to ask from none.

In your treatment of guests consider well. Be not stingy or lavish: if stingy, you fail in right behaviour to your guests; if lavish, your family property will soon be consumed.

If you are expecting to be a mother you ought to be careful. The child sympathises with the mother. Be regular in walking, resting, sitting, and sleeping, and moderate in eating, drinking, and smoking. (!)

Whether your child be a boy or a girl you must not spoil* it; if you do, it will be of a spendthrift disposition. This may be all very well while little, but when grown up it will have no compassion on its inheritance.

When your son grows old enough, engage a teacher for him; have him taught the books and good manners. If you allow him to loiter in learning he will not be well educated, and to the end of his life his prospects will be ruined.

When your daughter is old enough, teach her to use the needle; do not allow her to lounge toward the east and lean toward the west. If you do not teach her while she is young you cannot when she is old, and she will be laughed at by her husband's family.

When your son is grown up, choose a wife for him. In your selection do not regard wealth or poverty; it is of the most importance that she excel others in good temper and virtue, that she may guide the family, establish the property, and make the house flourish.

When your daughter is grown up, give her in marriage; teach her to be careful and not extravagant; to reverence her father and mother-in-law as her first duty, and to obey her husband as a woman ought.

When I am a mother-in-law I must cherish both my elder and younger sons' wives; because one is rich and the other poor, I must not treat differently those who are equally my children.

I must love my grandsons, and count them precious; must love all alike, not distinguishing between poor and rich. When other people, my neighbours, make much of them, how much more I, of whose family tree they are the branches and shoots.

The Girls' Classic, now completed, should be diligently committed to memory. If you read its precepts, and do not act accordingly, you are like cows and horses dressed in women's clothes!

Pekin.

C.

* In the Chinese language the number of words to express different relationships is worthy of remark. Not only are there distinct names for elder and younger brothers and sisters, and for the brothers' wives, but for the brothers and sisters of father and mother, with their wives and husbands; there are seven or eight words which may be translated "aunt" in English, though at the same time cousins are called brothers and sisters.

† "Chang and Li" (pronounced Lee), being the "Smith and Jones" of Chinese surnames, are always used to represent supposititious persons.

* The form taken by "spoiling" in China is generally giving "cash" to children to buy sweets and cakes at the outer door on the street. A teacher, formerly in our employ, begged leave to bring his only child, a fine boy of six, with him to our house every day, alleging as a reason that his mother could refuse him nothing, and that he daily spent at the door as much money as would provide his food.

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THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EDWARD FORSTER, M.P.

AMONG the younger group of statesmen who have made their mark on legislation, or distinguished themselves by administrative services, Mr. Forster occupies a prominent place. Latterly his name has been associated chiefly with the educa-

say it has not gone far enough; but his name is certainly associated with the beginning of a new era in the history of education in England.

Mr. Forster's claims to eminence do not, however, depend mainly on his educational legislation, but on



From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

W. E. Forster

tional question, one of the most perplexed and difficult problems of our times. It is impossible even for those who differ from him to withhold from Mr. Forster the praise due for the patient industry, for the conciliatory spirit, and the practical ability displayed in the public management of that question. The wonder is, not that the Act of 1870 should have failed to satisfy all parties, but that with its weak and assailable points it has come so far into practical operation. Some say that State interference has gone too far under Mr. Forster's auspices, others

his general aims and character as a public man, apart altogether from party politics. In looking to what he has already done, and to the principles which guide his public life, due account must be taken of the influences under which he was reared and grew up to manhood.

Sprung from a Quaker stock, and born a member of the Friends' Society, he was imbued in earliest youth with the earnest practical spirit of Quakerism, and was intimately associated with that self-denying and resolute band of philanthropists who pleaded the

cause of the slave, and ultimately succeeded in casting the reproach of slavery from the British name. And here some word of preliminary notice is due to Mr. Forster's honoured parents. His father, the late Mr. William Forster, was a well-known philanthropist and minister of the Gospel in connection with the Society of Friends. William Forster married Anna Buxton, the eldest daughter of Thomas Fowell Buxton, of Earl's Colne, Essex, and sister of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, of anti-slavery fame. Though, like her husband, a member of the Society of Friends, Mrs. Forster had not been brought up as a Friend, but was early taught the accomplishments and introduced into the gaieties of fashionable life. A portion of her time in youth was spent at her grandmother's country residence, Bellfield, near Weymouth. Weymouth was at that time a favourite resort of George III. The king and royal family not unfrequently visited Bellfield, and Anna Buxton, then a girl of remarkably refined and elegant manners, had unrestrained intercourse with the royal children, and was often noticed with kindness and affability by the king himself. As Miss Buxton grew to womanhood, strong religious convictions took possession of her mind. She became the companion of Mrs. Fry in her visits to Newgate; indeed, the first visit made by Mrs. Fry was in her society. Drawn to William Forster by a community of principle and pursuit, she became his wife in October, 1816, and with him settled at Bradpole, in Dorsetshire, where their only son, William Edward Forster, the subject of this notice, was born on the 11th July, 1818.

The life of William Forster was one of entire and consistent self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity and religion. Soon after the birth of his son, he was constrained, by what he felt to be the urgent call of duty, to go forth on a religious visit to the members of his community in America. In a letter to John Joseph Gurney, of Norwich, special reference is made by Fowell Buxton to this visit of his brother-in-law, and to the pure spirit of self-denial which prompted it. William Forster made no fewer than five different visits to America, partly on like religious errands, and partly to testify against the evils of slavery. He travelled largely throughout Great Britain and Ireland as a preacher of the Gospel; and in the prosecution of his philanthropic pursuits there was on the Continent scarcely a country he did not visit or a crowned head with whom he had not interviews. During the famine in Ireland in 1846, he devoted himself to the alleviation of distress. It is interesting to know that he was for a time accompanied by his since distinguished son, who wrote an account of the places visited and of the scenes of suffering and distress it was their lot to encounter among the peasantry.

When Fowell Buxton entered Parliament in 1818, it was William Forster who first urged his brother-in-law to take up the anti-slavery cause. The importation of fresh negroes from Africa had been declared illegal in 1807, after twenty years of effort on the part of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and their coadjutors; but nothing had been done in the work of emancipation. "Now it is certainly time," wrote William Forster to Buxton, "to turn the mind of the British public towards the situation of those in actual slavery." Buxton finally resolved to enter on the struggle in the autumn of 1822. William Edward Forster was then a boy of four years of age,

and, with all his kindred zealously devoted to emancipation, we know that he imbibed from childhood the anti-slavery spirit, and during the course of his public life he has given repeated proofs of his faithfulness to his inherited but not less conscientious convictions.

We notice in the memoir of Sir Fowell Buxton, and in connection with the Niger expedition which that energetic philanthropist did so much to promote, that William Edward Forster, then a young man of twenty-one, offered to assist in the undertaking in any way his uncle might please, either in England or Africa. In reply to his nephew, Buxton thus wrote:—"I do think you qualified for serving the cause in all its essentials remarkably well indeed. In fact, I think you, upon the whole, better qualified than any one for the task. If there should be an Agricultural Society, your paper on the Eastern slave-trade would obtain you the appointment without any influence from me. . . . I am sure that I shall be serving Africa in getting you into its service." It was fortunate that young Forster's zeal did not carry him to Africa with the ill-fated expedition, and that he was reserved for other labours not less valuable, but in a sphere quite different.

In the autumn of 1853 William Forster, for the fifth and last time, in company with his brother Josiah Forster, crossed the Atlantic on an express anti-slavery mission. Landing at Boston, the brothers presented an address to the President at Washington, and then travelled through a large number of the free and slave States, seeking, by interviews with the governors and otherwise, to influence public opinion. While engaged in this mission, at a lone ferry house on the banks of the Holston, William Forster was seized with an illness, and died on the 27th January, 1854. The graveyard near the Friends' meeting-house, Blount County, Tennessee, contains the dust of the self-denying philanthropist. It is a picturesque spot, surrounded by trees and gently sloping southwards. From a pilgrimage to this sacred ground the son has recently returned, where he has caused to be erected a memorial to his revered father, whose quiet resting-place had hitherto been marked by but a simple stone. In reference to his father, the son has said: "It is impossible not to feel that he was allowed to fall a martyr to his devotion to that great and holy cause, the abolition of negro slavery, in the untiring advocacy of which so large a portion of his life had from time to time been spent." The death of Mrs. Forster occurred not many months after that of her husband.

William Edward Forster, as became the son of a Quaker, was educated at the school of the Society of Friends at Tottenham. At Tottenham his grandfather, a large-hearted Quaker, had lived and reared a large family of sons and daughters, and there resided his paternal uncles Josiah and Robert Forster, and other members of the family. Josiah Forster, who died in 1870, devoted himself to works of philanthropy and to the interests of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Robert Forster took up the education of the poor long before the subject attracted the notice of public men, and was one of the founders of the British and Foreign School Society. In the schools of this society the Bible is read, and religious instruction given without any catechism; and it is not improbable that William Edward Forster imbibed from his uncle Robert that zealous interest in education which enabled him in after days

to do good service as Educational Minister, and to provide for the whole of England that system of national instruction with which his name is associated, and which, like the system of the British and Foreign School, is not divorced from, but allied to religion. Robert Forster died in October, 1873, at the advanced age of eighty-one, leaving the subject of our notice sole living male representative of the Forster family. William Forster having removed from Bradpole to Norwich, it was at Norwich that his son acquired that special knowledge of business which afterwards enabled him to settle down at Bradford as a worsted manufacturer. In 1850 he married Jane Martha, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Mr. Forster is a large employer of labour in his flourishing Bradford business, although no longer able to give to it his own personal attention.

Our interest in the future Cabinet Minister is, however, not on the side of his successful commercial pursuits, but of his literary and political studies, to which all his leisure time was persistently devoted. The paper on the Eastern slave-trade, which called forth the commendation of his uncle, Sir Fowell Buxton, was in due time followed by other more ambitious productions.

The account given by Macaulay in his "History of England" of the great Quaker William Penn, gave special umbrage to the Society of Friends, and drew forth a reply from the pen of Mr. Forster. This reply appeared as a preface to Clarkson's "Life of Penn," but was also published in a separate form. "The page of our history," says Mr. Forster, "is not so rich in illustrations of nobility and worth that we can afford to barter away any one of them—not even in exchange for all the fine pictures of Mr. Macaulay; and if his portrait of Penn be in truth a caricature, the talent of the painter makes it all the more necessary to attempt to prove that it is not a likeness." In his vigorous *brochure* he disposes of the charges against Penn by a thorough sifting of the alleged authorities cited by the historian.

In 1858, soon after the mutiny had been quelled, Mr. Forster delivered a lecture before the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society on "Taxation in India." The lecture was published with the view of being useful to those who feel an interest in India, but have not leisure to search out facts for themselves. We have been struck with the lecturer's statesmanlike and dispassionate tone in dealing with India. "There are," he says, "no subjects upon which it is so dangerously easy to form some opinion as upon Indian subjects; and there are none upon which it is so painfully difficult to arrive at a judgment upon which a man of impartial mind can feel that he ought to depend."

As illustrative of Mr. Forster's cautious method in the treatment of political questions, we may remark that it might have been inferred from his training and principles that the opium monopoly, as a source of Government revenue, would have called forth his strong protest. Though he admits the scandal of the India Government deriving an income from the growth of a demoralising drug, he would not precipitate a change because he fears that were the monopoly abolished the drug would be supplied all the cheaper to the Chinese, its cultivation increased, more Chinese and Hindoos poisoned, and, besides, more villages demoralised by its growth.

Some time previous to his entering Parliament,

Mr. Forster was an occasional contributor to the pages of the Westminster and Edinburgh "Reviews." An article entitled "Quakers and Quakerism" from his pen appeared in the "Westminster" for April, 1852. Mr. Forster has repeatedly stated that he has seen cause to depart from the principles of the Friends' Society, in which he was born and reared, and from statements in the article in question, we may infer the grounds on which he has been led to this step. With a warm admiration for the great characters of Quakerism, from George Fox downwards, and for their efforts in practical philanthropy—the result of their principles—and with a special tribute to John Woolman, the American Friend, he is yet constrained to point out what he conceives to be the inherent defects of Quakerism as a permanent beneficent influence. Its decline he attributes to a variety of causes, which, he says, "have pushed the bark of Quakerism out of the main current of civilisation instead of leaving it on the crest of the wave."

Several other articles in the "Westminster Review" from Mr. Forster's pen appeared in subsequent years. "British Philanthropy and Jamaica Distress," and "American Slavery and Emancipation by the Free States," show how deeply his sympathies lie on the side of freedom, and of all efforts tending to remove the curse of slavery. In "Strikes and Lock-outs," written in 1854, he discusses the question of the great Preston strike of over twenty years ago, which lasted longer than almost any such dispute in modern times, and engaged the author's keenest attention and inquiry. In the "Edinburgh Review," in 1855, called forth by the Crimean War, appeared an article entitled "The Autocracy of the Czars," in which Mr. Forster traces to its root in the past the reason for the existence of absolute power in Russia. It is from the uniform course of Russian history that the nation has been led to live, act, and think in the person of one man, who is the sole depository of its interests and its glory, and the perfect ideal of autocratic authority. A subsequent article in the same review discusses the question of "Kafir Wars and Cape Policy." All these papers, we may say, are marked by fulness of knowledge, by a vigorous grasp, and by a statesmanlike breadth of view. No one who has carefully perused them can be at a loss to account for Mr. Forster's success in public life; and as studies of political and social questions they certainly qualified him for the work which lay before him as a practical politician.

In April, 1859, Mr. Forster, associated with Mr. Edward Baines, contested Leeds in the Liberal interest. But though appearing as a Radical, or advanced reformer, it was not his desire, he said, to tear up institutions, but only the incumbences around their roots. The course of legislation has since settled many of the questions at that time keenly debated; but we may mention that Mr. Forster was a zealous advocate for the ballot, and in Parliamentary reform prepared to go much farther than Lord John Russell's £6 franchise. In his speech to the electors of Leeds, while declaring himself a Radical reformer, he professed that the highest Tory or the most autocratic Whig was not more loyal to the monarchy than he. "I have no wish," he said, "to Americanise our institutions. There is one institution in America which I have struggled against from my childhood, and which, if it be not destroyed before I die, I hope I shall struggle against to my dying day—that is, slavery, the domestic

institution of America, which destroys the freedom of all its other institutions. I have, in audiences where I knew it would be very unpopular to say so, expressed my belief that the country owes much of its freedom to the aristocracy, aye, even to the House of Lords." At that time Mr. Forster was almost unknown to the country at large, but to many in his own district his qualifications for serving in Parliament were well known. It was in no terms of flattery that one of his supporters at Leeds commended him to the electors, "as a man of great sagacity, of diligent reading and thoughtful reflection, of careful observation, and comprehensive grasp of mind; active in his benevolence and earnest in his sympathy with all great moral and social reforms, with a remarkable aptitude for entering into details, and able to grapple with great national and European questions." To most aspiring politicians it would be somewhat perilous to enter Parliament so highly certified to the world as a man of mark, yet it may be safely said that Mr. Forster has more than realised the expectations formed of him, whether looking to his Parliamentary reputation or to his actual achievements in statesmanship.

Mr. Edward Baines was elected for Leeds, but Mr. Forster failed to secure the second seat, having been defeated by his Conservative opponent, Mr. Beecroft, by the small majority of twenty-two. A man of Mr. Forster's acquirements and political capacity, desirous of a seat in Parliament, and who had besides laboured with his pen and by oral addresses to promote the cause of Christianity and civilisation, could not be long without attaining the object of his ambition. Accordingly, in February, 1861, having appealed to the electors of Bradford, he had the gratification of being returned unopposed by his fellow-townsmen. To them, when promoting his candidature, he frankly declared that he had taken an active interest in political subjects and in social matters affecting politics, and that it was a difficult thing for a man to do that and not feel some ambition to enter that great assembly in which political questions were solved. He would especially value his election by a constituency among whom he had lived and worked, and who had known him so long; but he would not sacrifice his independence of thought on any subject which might be introduced into Parliament. This sturdy political rectitude Mr. Forster has throughout his career steadfastly maintained.

In November, 1865, Mr. Forster embarked on official life by accepting the appointment of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in Earl Russell's administration. This post he continued to fill until the July of 1866, when the Liberal Ministry gave place to the Earl of Derby's third administration. In the winter of 1868, when Mr. Gladstone took the reins of power, Mr. Forster was nominated Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education; and in July, 1870, on the death of the Earl of Clarendon, the additional honour was conferred of a seat in the Cabinet. The great event of the session of 1870 was the passing of the Elementary Education Bill. This bill was introduced by Mr. Forster into the House of Commons on the 17th February, in a speech of great strength and lucidity of expression, and which indicated a complete mastery of the subject. The object of the Act, as has been repeatedly stated, was to secure elementary education for all the children of the people; and to attain this object not by destroying but by utilising the existing

system. The religious question, since so much debated, he thus touched upon, "We want, while considering the rights and feelings of the minority, to provide that which the majority of parents in this country really wish—that there should be a Christian training for their children—that they should be taught to read the Bible. It would be a monstrous thing that the Book, which after all is the foundation of the religion we profess, should be the only book that was not allowed to be used in the schools." An auditor of this speech thus remarks: "Without making the slightest attempt to secure oratorical effect, Mr. Forster quietly and deliberately stated to the House the provisions of his bill in language which nobody could misunderstand. When he sat down it seemed for the moment that he had achieved one of the greatest parliamentary triumphs of modern times. Everybody was captivated by his exposition of the measure. On the one side of the House, leading members of the Conservative party, and, on the other, influential Radicals, joined in congratulating Mr. Forster on the masterly manner in which he had solved the great problem of the day."

After twenty-one days of debate, during which Mr. Forster was never absent from his place, the bill passed the third reading unchanged in principle. There was, however, a considerable opposition to the measure on the part of the secular educationists and of the Nonconformist members of the House—an opposition which, out of doors, became afterwards more keen and intense. To show how high feeling ran on this question, it may be mentioned that when Mr. Forster addressed his constituents at Bradford, he had to bear the brunt of a vote of censure, carried, however, by but a small majority.

In the session of 1871 the right hon. gentleman was entrusted with the conduct of the Ballot Bill in the House of Commons. Before Easter the bill was read a second time, and, after a prolonged course, which required on his part the exercise of unflinching patience, it passed the Commons in June, but was thrown out in the Lords. The bill was re-introduced by him in the session of 1872, and after many checks and delays passed the Lords, and became law. The first election under the new Act took place in August, at Pontefract, when the Right. Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers was re-elected on his accepting a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Forster's success in passing the Education and Ballot Acts may be attributed to his rare talent as a practical legislator. When the middle-class and higher education of the country comes to be dealt with, the knowledge, experience, and practical sagacity of the member for Bradford will be usefully directed in the House of Commons.

To one or two points in a speech delivered by Mr. Forster, in November, 1873, on the occasion of laying the memorial-stone of the first school erected by the Liverpool School Board, we would briefly refer. This speech was an elaborate exposition and defence of his education policy. As respects a measure of direct and general compulsion—a matter in which he is at one with the Birmingham League—his opinion as then expressed was that the necessity for such a measure was becoming clearer, and that, with the experience gained, it would be comparatively easy to carry it through Parliament. When compulsion is enforced, all the work that the law can do shall have been done for the education of the masses of the population. In reference to his alleged partisanship, he said, "There are good men through-

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out the country who think that I planned, and passed, and administered the Education Act with the object of promoting the interests of the Church of England, and to injure Dissenters. The only reply I can make is that I had no wish to injure Dissent, or do it good; I had no wish to injure the Church, or do it good; I simply wished to get the children to school." It is perhaps only fair to Mr. Forster to add the following extract from the same speech on the subject of religious instruction: "I could not consent," he says, "to a secular system of education as a legislator, as a member of the Government or of Parliament. I feel that it would be wrong for the law thus to taboo religion. I may say also, as a Liberal politician, I think it is illiberal in that manner to interfere with the wish of a large portion—the enormous majority—of the parents to have the two subjects together. Although many men think me recreant from the principles in which I was born, I must say that I hold still to the faith of my old Quaker fathers to this extent, that I am not one of those who think we ought to draw a dividing line between religion and other subjects of instruction. If the time should ever come when the parents of England wish that State education should be conducted purely upon the secular system, they must find some other individual than myself to do their business."

Since the time of the great Preston strike, Mr. Forster had given earnest attention to those social and economic questions which lie at the root of the national well-being. On the occasion of the meeting of the British Association at Bradford, in 1873, he fittingly presided over the section of Economic Science and Statistics, and in his address, as president, he touched upon several topics of permanent interest. The great body of manual labourers throughout the country have at the present time, he said, a greater share of the comforts and enjoyments of life than they had forty years ago. There had also been progress in education, in general culture, and in kindly relations between the working and the other classes of the community. Trade disputes, although not less frequent, are now conducted with less fierceness and acrimony. In regard to these disputes, he deprecated the formation of a league of capitalists throughout the country, as he believed that no general league of labour as opposed to capital could possibly be formed. With perfect freedom in selling labour, and with the implied right to combine, there should also be perfect freedom to refuse to combine, and that right should be respected and protected. There should be protection against bodily harm and physical violence; but it is in vain to frame a law to protect men against persuasion or even moral intimidation. For the real hope of a satisfactory adjustment of the relations of employers and employed, Mr. Forster thinks we must look to the slow effect of public opinion and education, and of the promulgation of economic truth as to the laws which regulate capital and labour.

We have already referred to Mr. Forster's recent visit to America. He travelled over the whole country from Boston to the Rocky Mountains, and from Niagara to New Orleans, having in view the special object of observing for himself the state of matters in the Southern States.

On the eve of his departure from New York, on the 14th December last, he was entertained by the Union League Club, a body which had been formed

in the dark hours of national danger to bind together loyal Americans in support of the Union and against the slave power. Mr. Forster had been throughout the great Civil War, like Mr. Bright, a firm and devoted partisan of the North. At a great meeting at Leeds in 1863 he had spoken in support of the Union and emancipation in America, and of the neutral policy of the British Government. At Bradford, in 1873, he had said that the failure of the South to seize power in order to promote slavery was almost the greatest escape civilisation ever had. His convictions as to the character of the great struggle he reiterated in his speech at New York. "For myself," he said, "I was brought up to hate and abhor slavery from the time I could read a book or listen to words. I therefore should have no excuse if I had not sufficient knowledge to see what was the real meaning of the terrible contest. There never was a war on which depended a greater stake. History will, I believe, declare that it was the war of this century. What were the results? The preservation of the Union—the abolition of slavery. Had you not succeeded, you would have had in America, as we have in Europe, countries with large standing armies, with alliances, frontiers, constant jealousies, and constantly trying to drag the nations of Europe into difficulties on the one side or the other; while the slave power would have obtained dominion, and the world have been put back in the progress of civilisation for many, many years." In addition to all other reasons on the score of humanity and civilisation, Mr. Forster values the extinction of slavery as clearing the way for the realisation of an Anglo-American alliance. That alliance has long been with him a deep-seated aspiration, and the desire for it is founded on the belief that England and America banded together would influence the world, leading nations to freedom and order, and teaching the weaker and uncivilised races to tread the path of progress. Mr. Forster, however, took care to remind his American auditory at the close of his address that that great work could only be done by the prevalence of individual self-control, without which liberty could neither be maintained at home nor promoted abroad.

In beginning his remarkable American speech, Mr. Forster lamented his lack of eloquent expression. As to the characteristics of his public speaking, we may, therefore, quote what has been written by the author of "Cabinet Portraits":—"It cannot be said that it is to any remarkable gift of eloquence that Mr. Forster is indebted for the high rank he has already taken. He cannot be said to be an eloquent man. His speeches, though they are usually clear and powerful, are not adorned by any rhetorical graces, nor are they lightened by any play of imagination. They are plain, unvarnished statements of honest opinions, arrived at after a due weighing of all sides of the question; remarkable for lucidity, for the freshness and originality of the views they contain, for their clever and comprehensive forecasts of future events, and for their spirit of courtesy and fairness. There is a bluff and frank good-nature in the manner in which Mr. Forster deals with his opponents which does more to conquer them than torrents of declamation. The Yorkshire borough of Bradford could hardly have a more suitable representative. The strong, sturdy commonsense of the people of that district, their inherent love of fair play, their ambition, and their energy,

are all fitly represented in Mr. Forster. It is a sight worth seeing when the right honourable gentleman addresses a meeting of his fellow-townsmen in St. George's Hall, and it vividly recalls to mind the triumphs enjoyed by Mr. Bright whenever he makes his appearance in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester or the Town Hall at Birmingham. It is apparent, the moment Mr. Forster appears on the platform, that the most perfect confidence and mutual good-will exist between member and constituents. There are not many reviews of the political events of the day better worth listening to, and certainly not many from which more can be learned, than those which Mr. Forster periodically delivers to his Bradford constituency."

J. H.

A RIDE IN NEW ZEALAND.

AN EMIGRANT'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF CAMPING OUT.

ABOUT the same time that the sad tidings came of the burning of the Cospatrik emigrant ship, the following letter was received from New Zealand. We give it on account of its cheery tone, for the occurrence of a disaster at sea must not add to the discouragements of emigration to this colony. Of all the hundreds of emigrant ships, not above four or five have met with any mishap on this voyage, and fire may destroy a vessel on any sea or in any climate. Very mournful was the loss of the lives in the Cospatrik; but emigrants must go from England, and New Zealand must have a fair share of them.

Mr. H. M. Salmon, the writer of the following letter, was well known to us, and any report he may send of life as he sees it may be trusted. He was formerly parish clerk and postmaster at Willesden, Middlesex, and acted as schoolmaster on board the ship in which he went out in the early summer of 1874. In former communications to friends in England he described the incidents of the voyage, and his first impressions of Auckland. He now tells of his journey to the interior, in a letter which we think will be interesting to many of our readers:—

"Ngarawahia, Wiakato, Auckland,
New Zealand, 10th October, 1874.

Since I last wrote I have experienced some rough travelling by road, track, and river. We bought a light wagon and harness, and hired a horse for the journey. My eldest son Henry, Thomas, and myself started for the interior. The first day we had good roads, passing very pleasant residences and thriving settlements and villages; spring just asserting itself; roses and geraniums growing in the hedgerows. The scenery as we reached high points in the road was very good, disclosing considerable expanses of water, which are called here creeks. We were overtaken during the forenoon by three of our fellow-voyagers, Messrs. F. and E. Clay and Mr. A. Atkins, who had bought horses and saddles to accompany us and to explore the country. We were now a good party, and the first day was all very nice. We pulled up by a beautiful stream, watered and fed the horses, drank greedily of the sweetest water I ever tasted, gathered abundance of watercresses, which we ate with our cold meat, and, all refreshed, rode merrily on in the

calm sunshine until evening; and then commenced my first experience of camping out.

We had just begun the ascent of the Pokono range of hills, or, as it is very appropriately called, the 'Razor-back Hills,' and came upon a fine belt of timber, with some good English grass and clover. We drove off the road, crushing through the fern and zitree, just as the sun dipped and the moon rose in all its splendour. We chose a magnificent gum-tree for our bivouac, whose two huge roots spread out three or four feet above the level of the soil, and eight or ten feet in length, forming a famous receptacle for saddles and baggage, as well as a sleeping-place for three of our party. The horses were quickly unharnessed, watered, fed with corn, and then tethered for a quiet grazing.

Before leaving Auckland I had made a large tent-sheet of unbleached calico, which we drew over the wagon and sleeping-place, said wagon being already unloaded and transformed into a splendid bed, with mattresses, blankets, pillows, and counterpane; my easy rocking-chair placed in front of the fire, the wagon seats for the rest, and boxes for a table, with the luxury of a table-cloth; some mutton-chops, which we had bought at Papaitortio, all ready for frizzling. A large tin of water was soon boiled, a handful of tea thrown in and just simmered, sugar and all; while each man took his knife, cut his own toasting-fork, and cooked his chop for himself. Grace was said, the tea ladled out into our tin mugs, and such an *al fresco* repast as would be the envy of all English picnic parties. After tea the fire had more logs piled on, the horses were again watered and tethered in a fresh place, lots were cast for the watches, for which Thomas and I very nicely drew blanks (said watches lasting two hours); tea-things were washed, pipes smoked, and all, except the watchman, were soon cosily fast asleep.

Next morning began business in earnest: a good substantial breakfast—coffee, meat, and sardines—at daybreak; horses fed, harnessed, and watered, camp struck, wagon loaded, fire put out, and on to the road again. But oh, the rain! the driving, smashing rain! over hill, over dale—the descents often worse than the ascents; our horse, although a thorough good one, unequal to the task. Mr. Clay's horse was harnessed as a leader, but refused his work; then Mr. Atkins offered his pony, and off we started with a will. But each hill grew more abrupt and appalling, until about noon we had conquered the 'Razor-back,' and nobly trotted through the settlement of Point Russell, leaving son Tom and Clay to telegraph our progress to his mother in Auckland, and then to ride after us.

Our road now is very dangerous—a mere ledge on the side of high ridges and sheer down to the Wiakato River, some thirty feet below; said river the quickest current I ever saw, and nearly a mile in width. My son Henry is a capital whip, yet dashing along here with voice, whip, and rein at a pace unsuited to my English notions, and amused and half annoyed at my disengaging my legs for a jump landwards in case of a spill into the river. A few miles of this and we came to the low banks, and here we saw the effects of the heavy rains: great patches of ground flooded, huts and wharves with furniture floating in them, and people roughly and miserably camping on the higher ground. We reached a grassy eminence, and there tethered and fed our horses, and made a good but cold dinner, keenly watched by a Maori

man in moleskin trousers, with large greenstone earrings, whose talk with Henry was as intelligible to me as the grunts of some wild pig, an animal whose acquaintance I made for the first time in New Zealand.

We are off, the road now only a beaten track, or, more properly described, a doubly-ploughed track, with tons of clay and bushes pitched on to it in irregular heaps, leaving holes where the poor horses sometimes had to roll on their sides to extricate themselves, and this in the rain, and with steep ascents. Of course, riding was out of the question. One at each horse's head, one with the whip, all shouting, pushing, plunging madly on; up to our knees in mud and thighs in water; now, dead beat, the horses rested, patted and encouraged. All at once such a scrimmage! The road is a mere cutting, and the Waiakato coach is tearing and ploughing down the steep incline, with its three leaders abreast. The driver shouts, the passengers look alarmed; we all feel very pale, but shove well into the bank, and Cobb's coach passes almost within an inch. We then unload our van, and rush the horses up this terrible hill with the empty wagon. We had a hearty laugh, a short spell, reloaded, and off again, very tired and hungry. We were now on the top of one of the wildest ranges, a driving rain, night closing in, no shelter or wood for fire, no provisions. Pushed on another six miles, and found a deserted shed of corrugated iron, but all nailed up, and could get no entrance; but we drew up close, and scoured round for small scrub and furze, and managed a fire, while Henry rode on to a settler's house, a mile and a half on, for some provisions. To our utter dismay, he came back empty-handed, and ordered us to buckle up and move on. No use; we are worn out. He soon set the example; lugged down our apology for a shelter, stamped the fire out, harnessed the jaded horses, meanwhile telling us that he had found good wood, water, and a tent with fireplace, vacated by the Engineer Volunteer Militia, *i.e.*, the men employed by the New Zealand Government to construct the railway from Point Russell or Drury, through the Waiakato district.

We pushed on again, although it needed all our pluck to do so, being quite done up and very wet. Then what a prospect! The soaked calico tent was down a deep gorge or gully, but we happily found a man who showed us a winding track down to it, nearly a quarter of a mile descent. Then unloading and shouldering our effects down the winding pass was no joke; our strongest men carrying the heavy loads, while meat, butter, cocoa, etc., with a quart of cider, were procured from the settlers. Soon the fire was blazing and hissing away, our calico stretched over the half-worn tent, the dry fern shaken out, rugs and blankets arranged (that being my share of the camping), candle lighted, and a savoury Saturday night's supper, that quite made up for the fatigues of the day. This is a very wild place, scarcely an inch of level ground; but our tent is well tightened, and a good trench dug round to carry off the water; and now we are the merriest party that ever smoked a pipe in a tent. The great blazing fire in the earth fireplace outside sheds its warmth even here; and now the rain is pouring, we close the tent, get into bed, and soon are lost to all outside influence.

Next morning it still rains. Breakfast with tough mutton-chops is discussed, an irregular Church service held, your humble servant officiating and read-

ing the gospel and epistle for the wrong Sunday after Trinity. After service we had a visit from the settler, who gave us much information, as well as encouragement. Next day, weather clearing up before noon, we started for Nangariri, where we enjoyed the luxury of a good dinner at an hotel. Then on again through some flooded country, with some miles of wading, to some deserted wharves, and camped for the night. Very comfortable we made ourselves here. Set fire to our chimney twice. But we were on the banks of the river, so it was soon put out, and supper ready. Our party of six were very jolly. Still it rains—it pours. But we care not for that. We are dry and well-housed. The horses are under shelter too; and the turbulent river as it rushes past only helps us to realise the warmth and shelter. Our wharf has two rooms, and we soon fit up in regular order, hanging a blanket in one corner, a mat and rug on the floor, and cosey we are. Next morning is fine—the sun inclined to shine. A splendid bath in the river; a good brisk walk. Notice a deal of short Dutch clover, as well as English grass. Some bushes of sweet-brier and some tall quick-hedges show this to have been a station at some time or other. Now we see a stockman on his rough horse, with two dogs, driving in some cattle. His whip has a handle only a foot long, but the thong is not less than nine feet, and as he swings it over his shoulder it descends a terrible blow on the refractory beast. After breakfast, and loading up, our road is by the side of the River Waiakato, and nearly level we pass some scattered huts, a settlement or two, and in the afternoon come in sight of the township of Ngarawahia, pronounced Narrowahé. This is to be our home for the present."

Varieties.

CONVENT SCHOOLS.—Pastor de la Harpe of the French Protestant Church, Bayswater, referring to the claims of excellency and cheapness in the education offered by the Dames Ursulines and other Popish sisterhoods in Belgium, says that there are in France and Switzerland several Protestant educational establishments for young ladies which combine the same two advantages, and that he will at all times be happy to supply those who may want it with more full and precise information.

FAIRY TALES: WHY THEY CONTINUE TO PLEASE.—A kind enchantress one day put into my hand a mystic volume, lettered and bound in green, saying, "I am so fond of this book. It has all the dear old fairy tales in it; one never tires of them. Do take it." I carried the little book away with me, and spent a very pleasant quiet evening at home by the fire, with H. at the opposite corner, and other old friends whom I felt I had somewhat neglected of late: Jack and the Beanstalk, Puss in Boots, the gallant and quixotic Giant-killer, and dearest Cinderella, whom every one of us must have loved, I should think, ever since we first knew her little brown pinafore. I wondered, as I shut them all up for the night between their green boards, what it was that made these stories so fresh and so vivid. Why did not they fall to pieces, vanish, explode, disappear, like so many of their contemporaries and descendants? And yet, far from being forgotten and passing away, it would seem as if each generation in turn as it came into the world looks to be delighted still by the brilliant pageant, and never tires or wearies of it. And on their side the princes and princesses never seem to grow any older; the castles and the lovely gardens flourish without need of repair or whitewash or plumbers or glaziers. The princesses' gowns, too—sun, moon, and star-colour—do not wear out and pass out of fashion or require altering. Even the seven-leaved boots do not appear to be the worse for wear. Numbers of realistic stories for children have passed away. Little Henry

and his Bearer, and Poor Harry and Lucy, have very nearly given up their little artless ghosts and prattle, and ceased making their own beds for the instruction of less-excellently brought-up little boys and girls; and it must be owned that Harry Sandford and Tommy Merton are not familiar playfellows in our nurseries and school-rooms, and have passed somewhat out of date. But not so all these centenarians—Prince Riquet, Carabas, Little Red Riding Hood, Bluebeard, and others. They seem as if they would never grow old. They play with the children, they amuse the elders; there seems no end to their fund of spirits and perennial youth. H., to whom I made this remark, said from the opposite chimney-corner, "No wonder; the stories are only histories of real living persons turned into fairy princes and princesses; fairy stories are every where and every day. We are all princes and princesses in disguise, or ogres or wicked dwarfs. All these histories are the histories of human nature, which does not seem to change very much in a thousand years or so, and we don't get tired of the fables, because they are so true to it." After this little speech of H.'s, we spent a profitable half-hour reviewing our acquaintance, and classing them under their real characters and qualities. We had dined with Lord Carabas only the day before, and met Puss in Boots. Beauty and the Beast were also there. We uncharitably counted no less than six Bluebeards; Jack and the Beanstalk we had met just starting on his climb; a Red Riding-hood, a girl with toads dropping from her mouth, we knew three or four of each; Cinderella—alas! who does not know more than one dear, poor, pretty Cinderella? and as for Sleeping Princesses in the Woods, how many one can reckon up! Young, old, ugly, pretty, awakening, sleeping still.—*Miss Thackeray.*

EARL RUSSELL'S RECOLLECTIONS.—The closing words of Lord John Russell's book are worthy of being inscribed under his statue. "Quorum pars magna fui" may be well said by Lord Russell in regard to these sixty years of progress. "From 1813 to 1873, there has been a course of gradual progress towards civil and religious liberty. There is nothing so conservative as progress. England is in the full enjoyment of civil and religious freedom. I hope she may never descend from this height."

JUSTICE.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin last year inaugurated the custom familiar in England of inviting her Majesty's judges to a banquet. The Chief Justice, in the course of his speech, thus happily referred to the supremacy of justice in the social and political system:—"If they looked back upon the pictured page of English history they found that the people looked from the very beginning to the attainment of justice. When the barons on the plain at Runnymede put into the mouth of the sovereign the terms of Magna Charta they showed that they understood the meaning of the motto, 'To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay, justice.' That went to the point; and if they ransacked the books for principles and precedents they would find none more perfect than that. In that sentence they had the lesson of personal freedom which ought to be received, and it was the foundation on which the constitution of the country rested. Politicians might have their plans and schemes of improvement; but in the main the happiness and prosperity, the liberty and safety, of every individual in the kingdom depended upon the administration of justice."

MOHAMMEDANISM.—Look at the way in which Mohammed was spoken of in the present day! Some of our people seemed to think it was quite an open question whether it was not, upon the whole, just as well that large masses of the human race should be Mohammedans or even Buddhists. Mohammedanism was chosen because it proclaimed, like Christianity, the unity of the Godhead. Were we to believe that there were large sections of the human race whom Mohammedanism, as God's ordained instrument, had raised into a state of civilisation? If we were to believe those who knew most of the matter, and not those who merely gained their knowledge from books, we should, he thought, come to the conclusion that, if Mohammedanism was to be for a large portion of the human race the best specimen of civilisation they were to receive, they would never rise very high. What were the stories which we read of the atrocities of the slave trade still perpetrated on the eastern coast of Africa? What was the origin to which those who knew most of the matter attributed these atrocities? Was it not to the very existence of Mohammedan civilisation? The slave trade and slavery were a necessary part of the system, and while Mohammedanism existed slavery would never be eradicated. Was it not slavery of the most degrading kind that

lowered women in every Mohammedan country, and was it not certain that in the very core of the system there was that which prevented a high elevation of civilisation such as the gospel of Jesus Christ enjoined? It was true that at one time Christians themselves were traffickers in the bodies and souls of men, but it was against the whole spirit of their system. Christian efforts had actually removed the taint of slavery from the western coast of Africa, and, please God, in a few years, by his mercy, if we persevered, we might stop it on the eastern coast also. But this would be in spite of Mohammedan civilisation.—*Archbishop Tait.*

OUR COOK.—She proceeds without any hesitation to waste and destroy the materials entrusted to her for conversion into food. It need hardly be observed that her success is complete. She keeps her milk and cream in the hot kitchen, and wonders that they turn sour. She puts the butter in the same small cupboard with the cheese, and is surprised that the sauce which she sends to the dinner-table has an unpleasant taste. She will not be at the trouble of cleaning out the oven-flues, and cannot imagine why the paste will not rise. She leaves the fish upon the kitchen-table from the time it is brought until she is ready to cook it, and stands by with a look of innocence while the fishmonger is scolded for sending stale fish. When she lays a fire she crams it with bundles of wood so that it will not light, and supplements her bad architecture with whole boxes of matches and very long candle-ends. She stirs the kitchen-fire every time she passes it, and keeps it blazing even when there is no cooking to be done. If she has a gas-stove, the taps are constantly turned on, and as to lowering the lights in the passages or scullery, such an idea never crosses her mind even in dreams. She will send up the eggs either raw or hard-boiled rather than use your sand-glass. She will give you bread-and-milk with roast chicken rather than beat and flavour the mixture into bread sauce. She will make tea with tepid water, will send up spinach that looks like cabbage rather than put it through a sieve, and will peel the potatoes an inch thick to save the trouble of picking out their eyes. Her destruction of articles of food is well matched by her treatment of the crockery and kitchen utensils in her charge. She warms the best china dinner-plates to a white heat. The dishes she puts into the oven, until their surface resembles that of the cracked porcelain admired by collectors. She thinks it well to remove such excrescences as the handles of dishes or the tops of their covers; her reasons for those measures may be sanitary, as handles only form recesses for grease and dust, and it is impossible to clear them without trouble. The dishes she sends to table invariably soil the cloth, and are so full of gravy that they often spill on the way up-stairs. The covers are smeared with greasy finger-marks, and it is well if the outside only is dirty. The trap is always missing from the kitchen sink, and things run into the drain which should never go there; the valve itself disappears among the ashes, and is carried away by the dust-cart, together with the stoppers of sauce bottles, the heads of pepper-casters, jam-pots, and half-burned coals.—*Saturday Review.* (May not this account for some of the bilious articles for which the "Saturday" is notorious?)

MAGAZINES PUFFING BIG NAMES.—Mr. C. Greville, in his Memoirs, says that Moore told him he was offered £600 to write two articles for an annual, but that "he loathed the task," although the money would have been very acceptable. "The man said he did not care about the merit of the performance, and only wanted his name. When Moore refused, the editor raked out some old and forgotten lines of his to Perry, and inserted them with his name."

MEAT PRESERVING IN AUSTRALIA.—The ordinary course adopted for the preservation of the fresh meat is the following:—The meat is cut off the finest parts of the carcass by expert butchers, and tins of various sizes are filled with it. Nothing is added to the meat except, perhaps occasionally, a little rich stock or a few pinches of salt. The lids are then soldered firmly on the tins, and the latter are placed in a bath two-thirds full of chloride of calcium and water. In the lids is left a small vent-hole. The temperature of the mixture is gradually raised by means of steam-pipes going through it to 270·3 deg. As soon as the meat in the tins is cool, and the oxygen in them destroyed, and while air and steam are freely blowing out, a drop of solder is placed on the vent-hole, and the tins are hermetically sealed. The tins are exposed to great heat a little longer. Then they are placed in cold water, and allowed to cool. They are again put into a warm room, called the sealing-room, and there they usually remain for several days. The last stage in the process is the painting of the tins, when they are ready for exportation to England.—*Public Health.*